

## In Threes by Luddleston

**Category:** Hades (Video Game 2018)

**Genre:** Family Bonding, Gen, Post-Credits, discussion of polyamory, mentioned Hades/Persephone/Nyx, mentioned Thanatos/Zagreus/Megara

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Persephone (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Relationships:** Persephone & Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2022-05-21

**Updated:** 2022-05-21

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:47:07

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,961

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Long ago, Persephone realized she was not like everyone else on Olympus, and came to terms with the fact that she loves Hades and Nyx both. As it turns out, her son feels much the same about his own partners.

*Originally written for Ambrosia & Ichor Zine*

## In Threes

### Author's Note:

Hello all! This is my first (sfw) piece that I wrote for the [Ambrosia & Ichor Zine](#)! As of posting they have leftover sales going on so if you want one you should definitely drop by!

Few places in the Underworld reminded Persephone of the surface, vastly different as it was to the world she'd come from. That did not mean it didn't feel like home.

Nyx's domain was both the most otherworldly and most comforting place Persephone had found, tucked between the layers of the Underworld, her own personal cocoon of night. Being in this place was like floating in the middle of a starlit sky and being wrapped up in a warm embrace at the same time. While Persephone could never predict how it would look, it was always beautiful, just like the ever-changing night itself.

Today, it was particularly comfortable. The night draped around her like soft sheets and a comfortable bed, embroidered with constellations and lit with stars that glowed a little more like candlelight, hanging so close she could reach out and brush them with her fingertips, sending them gently swinging back and forth. Persephone spied some of her own touches, hanging on what would have been walls if this place had walls at all, climbing like an ivy to cover them in a canopy of little white blossoms, even without a trellis.

"I didn't know whether they would grow here," she said of the moonflowers.

"They seem to be doing quite well." Night herself was relaxed beside Persephone, looking not at the flowers but at Persephone herself. Nyx wore no adornments here, but managed to look more regal than ever, the glimmering facets of the hanging jewels of Darkness that made up the not-ceiling of her domain reflecting her beauty more than any jewelry could. The deep purple of her gown and the black of her hair blended into the

surrounding darkness, making her skin stand out as bright as the moonflowers.

Persephone had grown up surrounded by the wonders of Olympus, but no Olympian displayed their power as immensely or as easily as Nyx. Zeus, Poseidon, even her mother, they all controlled their relative domains, bending nature to their will. But Nyx *was* the night.

As such, when the dark caressed her like a blanket being draped over her shoulders, Persephone knew this was Nyx's own touch, tender and unashamedly affectionate.

There was a time when Persephone had been filled with anxiousness even so much as stepping through the threshold of Night's domain. She felt too *seen* here, too afraid she would give something away.

That was before Nyx had first kissed her, before Persephone realized she had nothing to fear from Nyx noticing her affections, because they were not only accepted, they were *returned*.

"Have you had a chance to talk to Hades, as I suggested?" Nyx asked, as Persephone settled in to lay by her side.

"I have," she said. She'd been immensely nervous doing so, but Hades had been deliberately calm in answering, telling her that Nyx had been correct when she insinuated that nobody in the Underworld cared if a person had more than one lover. Nyx, having never been very closely acquainted with Hera, did not seem to sympathize with Persephone's hesitation, but Hades knew enough of the Olympians to understand her concern. "He reacted as you thought he would."

"I am glad." This time, when the night embraced her it was Nyx herself, her physical form, holding Persephone close. "There are many like you, Persephone, whose hearts have such capacity that they could not limit themselves to loving a single person. But outside our realm, few have the chance to."

"Then I count myself immensely lucky," Persephone said, "to be able to love you both."

One of the little star-lights shifted and illuminated Nyx's face, making it very clear that her cheeks had gone dark with a flush. She looked nearly astonished, her bright eyes wide, and she stilled completely in Persephone's grasp.

"What is it?" Persephone asked, wondering what sort of misstep could shock the usually-implacable Nyx.

She shook her head. "It is nothing, my dearest. Simply that I've never heard you say you love me before."

Shocked, Persephone brought herself closer to Nyx, until they were nearly nose-to-nose. "Have I really never said as much? Goodness knows I've thought it."

"Have you?" It was incredible, how a goddess older than the existence of all life could look so girlish. It made Persephone want to figure out how to tease her, how to make Night Incarnate blush.

"I have," she answered. "I love you, Nyx. More than I ever thought possible."

Her declaration had an effect on Nyx and it had an effect on the realm of night around them, the darkness lighting up with star after star, constellations that matched the arrangement of the freckles on Persephone's face better than they matched anything Zeus had ever placed in the sky. They floated and fell through the darkness, a thousand tiny wishes landing on her skin like raindrops as she wrapped herself up in Night.

Nyx returned her embrace and her kiss. Her hands were cool as an evening breeze wherever they rested on Persephone's skin, taming the gradually-building heat within her only a little. There was something about this love, Persephone thought, which would never quite be controlled.

That feeling was as unfamiliar as the depths of the Underworld itself, and yet it, too, was home.

\*\*\*\*

Initially entering the Underworld had been daunting, but moving back into its depths after years spent on the surface was surprisingly much easier. Persephone would have thought she'd feel stifled to be back in the House after leaving the home she'd made for herself, but the familiarity of the place was welcoming, as was the proximity to those she had loved, those she had missed for all those years above.

"I suppose I shouldn't be surprised that Hades kept my garden here," she said to Nyx, who was quietly observing while Persephone did her best to rid the place of some of the overgrowth. "If he could have pruned it from time to time, that would have been nice."

"I don't think Hades is adept at caring for living things," Nyx replied. She was perched in the branches of a pomegranate tree, shadowed by its foliage. One of the fruits had already been plucked—the juice of it stained Persephone's fingers from cracking it open and the side of Nyx's neck where Persephone had touched her to pull her in for a kiss. Perhaps returning to the Underworld was particularly enticing because she was able to get her hands on her lovers.

Lover, rather. Hades had a bit more apologizing to do before Persephone stopped spending what approximated for her nights in Nyx's chambers, not his.

"He is not," she agreed, thinking not of the garden but of Zagreus. Perhaps if Hades had treated him more like he'd treated this place, allowed him to grow untamed and uncontrolled, Zagreus would feel less resentment toward his father.

"Nor am I," Nyx said. "But I must confess, I did not spend much time here anyway. Although Hades sealed it after you left, I could have easily entered, but I felt I had to keep my thoughts elsewhere."

"I understand." She had scarcely allowed herself to think of what she'd left, lest her grief be increased by the reminder that she was missing the man and woman she loved just as much as the child she had lost.

Persephone brushed her hands free of the soil, which came rich and dark here in Gaia's depths, and went to Nyx. She was seated at a height which allowed Persephone to lean on her, folding up her arms in Nyx's lap and laying her head atop them. Nyx stroked her hair, tracing the edges of the leaves in the laurel Persephone wore once again. Persephone allowed herself to breathe, to enjoy a moment of relaxation even though so much about the garden still required her attention.

The House of Hades was not the somber, silent place mortals often pictured it as, but Persephone remembered it as somewhere rarely prone to commotion. As such, when she heard a startled shout from Hypnos and bright, boisterous laughter from the hall, her head jerked up and her attention turned in the direction of the sudden noise.

"What was that?" she wondered, although the proper question might have been 'what *is* that,' because the commotion was continuing, Cerberus yapping loudly.

"That," Nyx said with no small amount of amusement, "is your son."

The hall echoed, and so Persephone could hear Zagreus getting closer, telling Cerberus what a good boy he was along his way. How strange a thing it was, she thought, that she was still getting used to recognizing the sound of her son's laughter.

Zagreus' head poked through the door to the garden only seconds later, and he gave a curious look at Persephone and Nyx, who were still entwined together, Nyx's hands in Persephone's hair. "Am I... interrupting something?" he ventured.

"It is no bother," Nyx said, although she did not deny that he was interrupting them. Persephone wondered just what Nyx had been planning for her.

She would have to learn that later, in the privacy of someone's rooms rather than the middle of the garden. "If you don't mind giving me a moment to speak with my son," she said, removing herself from Nyx's person so that Nyx might teleport away with a polite half-bow.

Zagreus still looked a bit sheepish, his hand playing with his laurels. "Now I'm thinking maybe I ought not to have assumed. But I just thought you and Nyx seemed close. Closer than I thought you were."

"We have been this way since I was first in the Underworld," Persephone confirmed for him. "I don't love her in quite the same way I love your father, but it is similar." He was still looking askance at her, as if amazed that this was even possible. "Does this bother you?"

"Bother me?" He laughed again. She was going to love getting used to that sound. "No, of course not!" Zagreus bounded over and just like when he'd first met her in her garden, he hugged her. He was still a small god, short enough that his head rested on her shoulder. "That makes me really happy, actually."

"I am glad to hear it," she said, ruffling his hair. She was still becoming used to treating him as family but he seemed to enjoy affection like this. It was possible Hades rarely showed him this sort of love.

"Actually, um." He paused for a moment, his fingertips tapping nervously at his chin, a bit of a flush to his cheeks. "I sort of have a similar relationship, with Meg and Than."

She couldn't keep the smile from her face even if she'd had it in her to try. "I'm so glad you've found people you love."

"Me too! And, well, I'm a bit pleased that you're sort of the same way I am, when it comes to this." The brightness in his eyes betrayed the fact that this meant more to him than 'a bit'.

"We share many things, Zagreus," she said, her hand resting on his cheek, on the side where his eye was as green as her own. "I'm also pleased to know the way that we love is one of them."

He turned his face away, if only to hide the fact that he was a little misty-eyed over it. "Well. Mother? Have I ever told you the story of how Thanatos and I met?" he asked, an open offering for her to ask more, to learn him better.

"I don't believe you have, no."

"Okay, so, I was a bit of an ass. But in my defense, he used to have this really beautiful long hair, and I always thought it was pretty..."

**Author's Note:**

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or on my tumblr [@luddlestons](#)